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LIFE-STORY OF
Brisbane's Sergeant-Major

At the outset everything seemed to favor the idea that young Spence would sure out a religious, or at least a respectable, man. The member of Good Templars, but he was too much of a "tippler" to keep to that very long, in his own strength, and was soon on the booze again. He began to assume such an appearance that he was advised to sell out, give up his business, and say goodbye to the cardinals.

To his own nothing, he do but pocket his money, and endeavor to reform himself; but his position was just that of the man who invited the devil to dinner—who when he came in, took charge, and ended by turning out the heat.

"Birds of a feather flock together," is a natural that one friend should suggest for a companion; a young man of good habits as himself. After the choice had been made, the two soon entered into a business partnership, and with that idea opened a saloon in Rome. Here they worked together for seven years, winning the respect of the whole community through their strict honesty. They were also abstainers from drink, and from the numerous parties which are most painful to young men starting in life.

In an evil hour, however, our two friends used their honest earnings to open a saloon, and embarked in a lemonade and cordial factory, which brought on the other Spence afterwards continued in alone. It was soon before he came to a need to drink the cardinals, and to acquire by degrees a love for intoxicating liquors. A good habit is harder to obtain and easier to give up than a bad one. This was true in his case.

During the twelve years that he spent among cardinals he made a good sum of money, and was able to buy a free drink, and liberal a customer of the publican. At last he got into such a state that he drank pints of beer and became a slave to the devil. He frequently made the acquaintance of the inside of the watch-house. Terrible were the wages the devil dealt out to him. When in fits of delirium tremens he was

two men to hold him down

and keep him in the house. While he was in the "horrors" one evening, the demons drew him off into the bush, and there he lay, and did not return till the middle of the night. He says that there were blackfaced devils clinging him through the whole night.

For this "adventure" he had to be

off in the lock-up, before being sent to the Reception House to go through the term of his sentence.

After this we find him for two months in the Reception House of Good Templars; but he was too much of a "tippler" to keep to that very long, in his own strength, and was soon on the booze again. He began to assume such an appearance that he was advised to sell out, give up his business, and say goodbye to the cardinals.

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but he had gone out to get drunk, as usual, and the "man" whom he picked him up in George-street, This was his first introduction to the Brisbane lock-up; he had to lie there all day on Sunday, with nothing to eat. Wouldn't he have liked a "bit of grub"?

At Roma he was respectably married. And still making this town his home, he was still having fun, but on the very day when he started was driving his team, tumbled off the high seat of his wagon.

On another occasion, our brother was picked up on the roadside, driving, however, on a farm, which was much more peaceful, for he had had a pitch over, and the wagon had gone over him. All these have an end, and he came back, at

always brought a "bus" which would last for days. After he had signed the pledge five times his friends began to get tired of helping him. He even pawned his last coat for the price of a drink, and would stand drinking in a bar until he drove home. His wife, who was of him, would be gathered up from the floor and put on a lounge, for he was a "steady" customer, going very thirsty, as usual, he one day came across a police magistrate from the west, before whom he had often been brought for drunkenness. He promptly

RIKE OF THE MAJORITES FOR A SHILLING.

and received two shillings and sixpence. For a twenty-four hours "bus" on one occasion, by the time he got home was paid and dry. At this time his wife and family would have been very poor, but he had not lost it but it was not for her friends and relatives.

Through ill-health years he had a mother and sister who kept praying for him.

Serving Satan is indeed a miserable slavery. Brother Spence had sunk so low in his conduct that he could not even look a policeman in the face, but when he came along, he would take another street. It would have been far better for him to be in goal at hard labor than abroad and slaving for the devil.

Spence was at the time of his conversion, well known to the police and brokers of Brisbane.

On his last great trial he was sitting heavily for a fortnight, a d, after the money had been paid, and his way into the publican's till, he was LYING PERFECTLY HELPLESS,

unable either to eat or do anything else. But his steadfast wife wrote a letter to his sister, who lived in the bush, asking her to come and take him for a time, and give him a chance to get better in body and soul. This sister was a Salvationist, and it was not many days before he was

sent on his horse, when drunk. He was dragged by the stirrup for some distance, and

HIS JAW AND COLLAR-BONE WERE BROKEN

by the kick of the frightened animal. He was plucked up in an unconscious state, and more dead than alive. You would think that he would have been dead, had it not been as a check; but he continued drinking and laying up by turns, and the delirium tremens was an almost chronic silent affliction.

He made an excursion to Brisbane, and on a Sunday morning awoke in the lock-up, with "two lovely black eyes." How he came by them he did not remember;

last, from a tour of guzzling and business, with only £100 in his pocket, although he had only £100 when he started on his tour. Moreover, he had been robbed of £50 and two gold watches, the loss of which caused him some trouble.

He had to get land at Roma, he succeeded in losing it all through drink and carelessness, and eventually his pockets were emptied. The publicans made a rich profit out of him.

After this he came to Brisbane, and with the aid of his relatives, set up a soldier's shop, and returned once more to the lock-up. He was a soldier, and had obtained a shilling drink it up. The soldier's shop was abandoned and a horse and dray bought for him; but pay day

Salvation Army Captain called at the house, and, meeting with his brother, spoke to him, and got him to consider the matter. He said, "Yes, God. He knelt down with the captain, and promised never to touch the drink again. But he did not stop with merely taking the pledge. He gave his word to the captain, and, and at the Salvation Army meeting, came to the pentitent-form. There God met him, and he says, "I realized then the God of love for Christ's sake, forgive all the past," and I trusted in Him to keep me for the future."

Sergeant-major Spence used to be a great drunkard; but he is as anxious to get people to come to the meetings as ever. Water, THE BLOOD-AND-FIRE BAPTIST,



